

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguiled
The tediousnesse, and proceffe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers't
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.
Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the
Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approued seruice, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be fill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkely*? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasure
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your preience makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanks, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle,

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?

But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,

Frighing her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?

Com'st thou because th'ancyned King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal Bosome lyes his power,
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescu'd the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,

From forth the Rankes of many thousand French;
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,

Now Prisoner to the Palfie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Even in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,

In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.
Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,

But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace

Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you

I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,

It must be graunted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,

Had you first died, and hee beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,

To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,

And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attomeyes are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I haue had feeling of my Cofens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is

But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue strongly sworn to giue him ayd,

And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:

But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope

Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,

I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,

And there repose you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:

But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held

By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealt,

Which I haue sworn to weed, and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,

For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,

Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Capitaine.

Capt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrey men together,

And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King repositeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,

And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,

And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,

The one in feare, to loofe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:

These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrey men are gone and fled;

As well as *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crosely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie
and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men:

Bushie and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)

With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.

You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,

By you vnhappy, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your finfull houres

Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,

And slay'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs.

My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,

Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your injuries,

And sigh'd my English breath in forraigne Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;

While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Dis-parke'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;

From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,

Save mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.

This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer

To execution, and the hand of death.
Bushie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,

Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,

And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:

Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your Houfe,
For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,

Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendore*, and his Complices;

A while to worke, and after hollday. *Exeunt.*

Scena